

The Watchman and Southron.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1893.

WEAKNESS OF MONEY.

REV. THOMAS DIXON ON THE POVERTY OF SOME MONEYED MEN.

Money Cannot Buy a Real Home or True Affection or the Life of a Loved One—True Gold and Silver, Booth.

CAPT. CHARLES V. J., July 28.—Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., preached today the third sermon in the series on the "Almighty Dollar, or the Problem of Money and the Gospel of Christ," in the Methodist church on Cobb's Island. Since the first Sunday the crowds are so large the building cannot accommodate them. The text chosen was Proverbs xi, 28, "He that trusteth in his riches shall fall."

Let no man believe that money in itself is an omnipotent power that money in itself is the power that rules the world. There never was a greater blunder. There never was a sadder mistake. As a matter of fact, money in itself is the weakest thing on this earth.

First—It cannot even make a gentleman. We see strutting down the streets of a great western city a man who suddenly became possessed of a fortune of \$1,000,000. He purchased his paper from the newsboy on the corner, and he proceeded to the hotel, where he was met by the hotelier, who handed him back his change, returned it to the boy, saying, "Keep your money, sonny; keep the change; take it and buy a cake of soap to wash your face." The little fellow drew himself up, and handing back the money indignantly replied, "Take your pennies and go and buy a book on etiquette and learn how to be a gentleman." The possession of a moneyed man does not even imply that a man is a gentleman.

MONEY AND THE HOME.

Second—It cannot make a home. A man may own houses by the possession of money, but money in itself cannot build a home. I know men who own miles of houses who do not have a home. To possess a house is one thing, a home another thing. The poor man who has a home can buy it with money, but he cannot buy it with money.

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der here." He lifted the covering and showed a mean trundle bed beneath the great bed. You could not make a man like that rich. Put him in a palace; give him a bed worth a million dollars to sleep in; he would not sleep in it; he would go out and sleep with the dog. It is his nature. He has not the capacity for riches. Wealth is not a question of arithmetic merely; it is a question of capacity, of power in the possessor.

MONEY A FICTION.
Fifth—Money in itself is so weak that it has no intrinsic value. Money, whether it be of gold or of silver or of paper, has no value in itself. It is the power that it gives that makes it valuable. It is the power that it gives that makes it valuable. It is the power that it gives that makes it valuable.

Suppose that a millionaire turn his fortune into gold. Suppose Mr. Gould had liquidated all his possessions in business, placed the result, \$75,000,000, in his yacht and started around the world in a pleasure tour. Suppose he had been cast on a desert island, his vessel wrecked, he alone surviving, having saved his money. He piles it up in the sand; there it lies. He sits down on it and proceeds to starve to death. How much is he worth as he sits on that pile of yellow metal? He is worth nothing. He is a pauper; he is a beggar. The gold is all there. The coin is of due weight. It is not short, has not been injured in the transit; it does not tarnish in the water. And yet he is worth nothing. Suppose a passing vessel takes him aboard, transports him to New York with his money and his yacht. He is a millionaire. He has his money in the vaults of the Safe Deposit Company. How much now is he worth? He is worth the face value of his coin—\$75,000,000. Why? Because the community gives to this metal the supposed value. Wealth is power over men. Money is wealth as it is power over men.

The true value of money is a community value. It is of no bond up with heart blood of the whole community. It is one that comes in and through the community. No man therefore has the right to do what he pleases with what he may possess. A man's money is not simply his own. It belongs in one sense—and a high sense—to the community. No man has a right to do what he pleases with what he may possess. A man's money is not simply his own. It belongs in one sense—and a high sense—to the community.

JAY GOULD OR MRS. BOOTH?
Sixth—As a matter of fact, money is so weak that it does not touch the heart range of real life. A millionaire died the other day and was buried, and nobody cared as to where he was buried. It was a matter of no importance. So the incidents of his death, they did not touch the heart of the people. He owned money enough to shake the financial world from ocean to ocean.

A woman died in London recently who had no money, but thousands thronged to her bier and begged the privilege of looking on her dead face. For days and weeks the procession filed by the body. Day and night, an unceasing stream, thousands and hundreds of them, came to look on her dead face. Men who had been life from the ditch and the gutter and clothed and in their right minds stood over the coffin and cried like children. Women who had been abandoned to all hope and life and who had been snatched as a brand from the burning stood with tear-stained faces and kissed the cold lips with passionate love.

A mother passed by the bier and looked with longing eyes into the face of the dead. Those who were standing in line, impatient to see, fearful lest the body would be removed before they could have their longed for look, cried to her that she must move on. She lifted her streaming eyes to them and replied: "Let others move on. I have the right to stay. I have the right to look into her dead face. She saved my child." Kings and princes and nobles, emperors and chiefs of the race, have been buried in pomp. Nations have done honor to their honored dead. But this earth never saw such a funeral as this woman's.

Seventh—A word from the lips of man, backed by gunpowder, can do what all the gold of earth cannot accomplish. Money is a mighty power, but manhood is a mightier one.

When Napoleon was engaged in one of his great wars, you remember that the town of Ratibon was taken. He deputed his chief marshal to take the town. Ratibon was a walled town, practically impregnable. Napoleon saw that it was the key to the situation. The marshal commissioned his officer to do the work. He drew up his soldiers before the town and called for volunteers. Immediately the number of men called for stepped forward. They were ordered to the charge and gallantly made the assault. Every soldier fell back from the walls. Not a man returned to tell the story of their gallant assault.

Again the officer called for volunteers, and again they stepped forward, more slowly than at first, but still a sufficient number, all that had been called for. Again they rushed to the walls, again they made the assault, and again every man fell back dead. Not a living soul returned to tell the story of the struggle. Not a man returned to tell the story of their gallant assault.

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money for money in itself. That struggle and all that it signifies I would arraign and impeach in the name of the widow and the orphan; in the name of the hungry and the homeless, and the despairing; in the name of the weak, and the down-trodden, and the oppressed; in the name of your poor old man and his clustering institutions. Christianity means weakness ruling strength. The work of the Christian is not to seek money for itself, of itself. The work may be made in its struggle for money in itself. Men may forget humanity in that struggle. It may be impossible for the Christian today to convince the world that the world is wrong. It may be impossible for us to revolutionize the world, the methods of a social organization which makes the seeking of money and the accumulation of money in itself the end and aim of life.

THE DIVINE ORATORIO.

However this may be, it is the duty of the Christian to live his life, to play his part, to sing his song, whatever be the chance, the confusion, the disorder about him. In this playing his part he will bring to the world his best music, just as that singer in the choir brought out of disorder, harmony out of discord. A great musician happened in a church one Sunday found the choir in discord. He stopped his ears to keep out the din, and through the discord caught the single note of a sweet soprano voice in that choir, singing the song in perfect time. She did not attempt to drown the voices of the others, either those of the choir out of tune or those of the congregation that floundered helplessly in the effort to follow. She simply sang her own part, in her own time, in her own way. She was singing it to a leader unheard by others. She was keeping time to the harmony of her own soul.

So struck was he by the weird effect of this voice, singing in the midst of the din and roar, that he turned to his hand his pen to listen. Sweeter and sweeter grew the voice until presently all one of those in the choir nearest caught the note from her and joined in perfect time. In a few moments the whole choir were in tune and this voice leading, and then the congregation were in perfect harmony, and then the great church building was flooded with a glorious melody that swept every soul with irresistible power.

Sweet Potato Meal.

A few weeks ago we printed an article from the Cotton Plant, giving some information in regard to the preservation of sweet potatoes, as the result of experiments made by our friend, Maj. Thomas W. Woodward, of Fairfield County. The statements contained therein have been the cause of much inquiry as to the mode of keeping the potato, and as the plans adopted by Maj. Woodward for cutting and gridding the potato into meal cannot fail to prove valuable to the farmers, we have procured from him a more detailed statement of his experiments.

As he is known far and wide as one of the most intelligent and practical farmers in the State, the letter of Maj. Woodward ought to secure a careful perusal from every man who is desirous of improving his condition, and we are based upon an actual knowledge of the facts, which will enable any one to follow the example of our distinguished friend. By the way, if the man is regarded as a benefactor who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, surely the man who discovers a plan to keep the sweet potato indefinitely deserves to be canonized as the patron saint of the farmer in South Carolina. No crop that is grown loses so large a percentage after it is gathered as the sweet potato, because it is subject to the changes of climate, and often a farmer loses one-half of his crop in a single night. By converting the potato into meal, the danger of loss is reduced to the lowest figure, and the crop is thereby greatly enhanced in value. The letter of Maj. Woodward is as follows:

ROCKTON, S. C., May 20, 1892.

My Dear Hoyt: You desire the details of the manufacture of sweet potato meal. This does not require me to treat of the culture of the potato and its advantages to the land, both as a preventive of washing—each row being a terrace—and as a source of humus, supplying as it does an immense amount of vegetable matter. But all farmers will readily understand that these advantages are part and parcel of the seed.

We will, then, begin with the potato harvested. If much dirt adheres, wash or pass through a series of revolving brushes, so arranged as to clean the potatoes; then pass them through a machine which crushes and cuts them into pieces, the smaller the better—a New England vegetable cutter will do, although cutting rather large; or if on a small scale, slice by hand about a quarter of an inch thick. The problem now is to dry and grind. Having purchased a roll of wire netting, with meshes not larger than one-fourth of an inch and about two feet wide, cut the roll into pieces four feet long and tuck on the bottom of a tray, made from strips three inches wide and three-fourths of an inch thick. These form the vessels for drying the green mass upon.

With ordinary sunshine two days will suffice to fit it for grinding, but for greater safety and more expedition a kiln must be provided where fire takes the place of sunshine, and where the work can be done in a few hours. I have been using a kiln made just as is used for curing tobacco, the potatoes spread upon the wire bottom vessels, about a bushel in each, and stacked so the hot air can permeate to the best advantage. This kiln, although answering the purpose, is not as efficient as many of the more improved plans now in use to supply currents of hot air to buildings, and I recommend investigation in this direction.

The potatoes are now ready to be turned into meal, and can be ground on any corn or wheat mill, provided arrangements can be made to feed them into the stones, which can best be done by crushing the dry mass into smaller shape. For this purpose I use a Kelly duplex corn and cob mill, set so as to pass the coarser particles as large as pea soup. This should fall upon a vibrating sieve, which separates the coarser portion suitable for stock from the finer for family purposes. If extra family is desired, pass the coarser portion through a grist mill, into which now readily feeds, and you have a substitute for corn starch, for boiled custard, the finest ingredient for baked goods, and mixed half and half with flour or corn meal the basis of the

finest potato hoe cake, Johnny cake or biscuits you ever tasted. Horses and mules eat the potato meal ravenously and cows delight in it, while hogs and poultry "rave" over it. The agricultural chemist tells us that three and a half bushels of green potatoes make one when dried, and that the dried bushel is equal to one of corn. By my experiments it has taken only three to one, but I probably did not dry so thoroughly.

Now a few ideas in closing. Five hundred bushels can be made to an acre; two hundred is an ordinary yield, and certainly the standard can be raised to three hundred. Three hundred bushels, if I am correct, will make one hundred when dried, equal to one hundred of corn. It is then practicable to raise corn to an acre about seven bushels, to the acre, and make one hundred—feeding a horse on the product of one acre. Not only this, but weight and bulk and ability to roasting removed, the potato crop becomes merchantable and can be sent all over the world, and may be made to compete with wheat, corn, oil-cake, and the other products now sought after by stock men everywhere.

In conclusion, let me say to my brother farmers, that I conscientiously believe there is more in the culture of potatoes than we will ever get by promulgating the political heresies of the day, or by blindly following dastardly dung-hill demagogues who would use us permanently as stepping stones to office. Let me, then, ask you to doable less in politics as now practiced, and give more attention to home matters, before the ancient gentilities of our people are forever obliterated, and ourselves transformed permanently into cut-throat and blackguards.

Sincerely yours,

T. W. WOODWARD.

Ambrosio Jose Gonzales.

General Ambrosio Jose Gonzales, father of A. E. N. G. and W. R. Gonzales, of the Columbia State, died in New York on Monday, aged 75 years old. He was a Cuban by birth, and was the son of a prominent journalist of that country. In his early life he was a professor in a Matanzas college, but took a prominent part in the uprising of Cubans against the Spanish in 1848 and since that time has been practically an exile from his country. He was engaged in the Lopez expedition and has had a prominent part in the many other movements to free Cuba. He was partly educated in New York, where he was a schoolmate of Gen. G. T. Beauregard.

He married Miss Elliot, a member of one of the oldest and most prominent families of this State, and at the beginning of the war volunteered in the Confederate army. He was inspector general on Beauregard's staff, and subsequently joined Johnston's army and surrendered with it.

His life was a very stormy and eventful one. Its fruits will, perhaps, be gathered hereafter when the purpose of his life work is accomplished and the country he loved and strove for takes her place among the free nations. He has left sons here who will do his name honor and his adopted State good service.—Greenville News.

State Banks.

The State Alliance adopted a resolution against the repeal of the 10 per cent. tax on State banks.

This does not look like the Alliance wants more money put into circulation. And, besides that, the resolution is in direct conflict with a resolution adopted at the National Democratic Convention in 1892 declaring for the repeal of this 10 per cent. tax.

The men composing the State Alliance claim to be Democrats.—Newberry Observer.

Mr. Jack Griffith, the junior member of the firm of Griffith Bros., who have a five mile contract to grade a part of the Coast Line Railroad bed between Remini and Denmark, was in town last week. He reports work as hustling all along the line as far as Denmark, and says that the general belief is that the Coast Line Road is making for Millen, Ga. In confirmation of that statement, on last Monday the advance surveying corps reached Barrowell and continued their survey on towards Appleton. It is scarcely possible, however, that they would eventually decide on Appleton as the point at which to cross the Port Royal and Augusta Railroad, unless their purpose is to strike the Central Railroad at a point lower than Millen. The best route to Millen from Barrowell would strike the Port Royal Railroad at a point a mile above Martin's Station, at the plantations of James C. Brown and J. W. Furse, crossing the Savannah River not far from Brown's Landing. This route was surveyed and staked by a party of railroad surveyors some fifteen years ago.—Barrowell Cor. News and Courier.

Two North Carolina papers, the Wilmington Messenger and the Warrenton Record, have been looking backward to see how the Southern farmers lived seventy-five years ago, says the Atlanta Constitution. At that time cotton was sold in the seed, and averaged two cents a pound, or a little under. It was baled by wagons, and the freight was high. Tobacco sold at from \$3 to \$4 per hundred—the same grade which now brings \$50 per hundred. What did the farmers pay for supplies? They bought: calico at 25 cents a yard, iron at 6 to 10 cents a pound, salt at \$3.50 a sack, brown sugar at 10 or 12 cents a pound, loaf sugar at 20 or 25 cents, shirting at from 10 to 25 cents a yard, and so on.

The time to Chicago is made so as to afford the most convenient hours for departures from the principal cities, and arrivals in Chicago.

Passengers can purchase tickets good over one line north of the River, and returning via another if they desire a variable route without extra charge. Or they can go via Cincinnati, returning via Louisville or vice versa. Round trip tickets on sale at reduced rates. Agents of the Chicago line will, on request, assist in looking up rooms or accommodations for visitors to the Fair.

Everything that, as almost perfect system can derive to deserve the praise and patronage of the traveling public has been provided. Any of the agents of the company named at the bottom of this page will give all possible information and assistance. R. H. GARRATT, New Orleans, La.; J. H. HART, Vicksburg, Miss.; J. R. McKAGAN, Birmingham, Ala.; E. T. CHARLTON, Chattanooga, Tenn.; W. D. COZ, Cincinnati, Ohio, or any Agent of the E. T. V. & Co. Ry.

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I REG TO INFORM MY FRIENDS AND the public generally that my Saw Mill located on the C. & N. R. R., just back of my residence, is now in full operation, and I am prepared to furnish all grades of Yellow Pine Lumber from unbleached timber, at prices according to grade.

Feb. 18. Ripans' Tablets cure colic. Ripans' Tablets cure nausea. Ripans' Tablets cure the blues.

So far from public office being an inducement to a young man to change his politics or disguise his honest opinions, we think it fortunate for him if these things keep him out of office seeking. We can imagine few worse evils that could befall a young man than to become a politician and office-seeker.—Newberry Observer.

The term "free coinage of silver" may be taken in two senses. In one it may mean the coinage of silver by the government for any one free of cost to the owner—free of seigniorage, the part going to the government for the expense and cost of coinage; or it may mean the unlimited coinage of silver, without limit by the law on the amount coined. At present any person may take gold bullion to the United States Mint and have it coined, not only free of seigniorage, but also in any amount the party desires without restriction of law, but with silver the government itself coins the silver or issues certificates, from the bullion (4,500,000 ounces) a stated amount each month and no more. The term "free coinage" has been and is now being used in both these senses.

Statistics show that murders are rapidly on the increase, while legal hangings and lynchings are small in proportion. Murders in 1887 amounted to 3,335; in 1889 there were 36,567; 4,230 in 1890; 5,905 in 1891, and 6,772 in 1892. The number of legal hangings in 1861 was 123, or one to forty-eight murders; in 1892 there were 107 legal hangings or one to sixty-three murders. On the other hand, hanging outside of the law or in defiance of the law, has been on an increase. There were 105 lynchings in 1891 and 236 in 1892.

For kidney and liver trouble Glenn Springs water is a cure. On draught at Hughson & Co's drug store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The Best Sale in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dr. J. F. W. DeLorme.

Par-a-sit-i-cide. Cures Itch in 30 minutes. Price 50 cents. Sold by J. F. W. DeLorme. June 28—4m

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she became a Child, she clung to Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Drink Glenn Springs Water for headache, indigestion and general debility.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

TRADE MARK SSS ERADICATES BLOOD POISON AND BLOOD TAIN.

SEVERAL CURES OF SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S.S.S.) entirely cleansed my system of contagious blood poison of the very worst type. Wm. S. Loomis, Shreveport, La.

SSS CURES SCROFULA EVEN IN ITS WORST FORMS. I HAD SCROFULA in 188